

22. 19
Psychic Number

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THE LIFE OF THE PARTY



We make MURADS of 100% Pure Turkish tobacco to give 100% enjoyment to smokers of 100% good taste.

"Ordinary" cigarettes cannot be 100% Turkish—and you cannot afford to smoke cheap quality cigarettes.

There can't be a better cigarette than MURADS till the world finds a better cigarette tobacco than Turkish—and that does not exist!

"Judge for yourself!"

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Ballad of Dead Loves

WHERE are the wines of yester-year,
Delicate wines we used to know:
Burgundy's wines of generous cheer,
Chambertin, Chablis, Clos Vougeot;
And those rich wines of the Rhône
also,
Roussillon, Hermitage, Alançay;
Or the drowsy sweetness of Oporto?
The Law carries them all away!

Think of the clarets rich and clear,
Pride and glory of old Bordeaux;
Humble Bergerac, Lafite dear,
Château Latour and Haut Mar-

gau—
Velvet of taste with ruby's glow:
Hungary's choicest, rare Tokay;
Or the boast of Ragusa—Gravoso.
The Law carries them all away!

Even their names are music to hear;
Valdepeñas and Arinto,
Romanée Conti without a peer,
And those whose grapes in Italy grow,
Lacryma Christi, Bellagio;
Sparkling Croissy from Épernay,
Vouvray and Barsac—all must go.
The Law carries them all away!

Friend, if you ask me why 'tis so,
I make no answer; I can but say—
Whither they are there I would go.
The Law carries them all away!

Graham Shaw.

Simple Twists

TO say that a thing is improper is to say that it is interesting.

To say that a thing is interesting is at least to hint that it is improper.

To say that a thing is proper is to say that it is uninteresting.

To say that a thing is uninteresting is an intimation that it is highly proper.

It is quite improper to assert that an improper thing is interesting.

It is quite interesting to say that a proper thing is uninteresting.

It is quite improper to state that a proper thing is uninteresting.

It is quite interesting to state that an improper thing is interesting.

It is quite proper to say that a proper thing is interesting.

It is quite uninteresting to say that an interesting thing is proper.

It is quite apparent that propriety is a flexible thing and that interest is easily shifted.



66
Say it with Flowers
99

The "Silent Partner" of Big Business

"TO me, Dear, those flowers are a very real incentive to effort. Like baby's smile—like the touch of your hand—they steady me in every crisis, and encourage me to higher aims."

He was a big man. Big enough to know that success is largely a matter of surroundings. And fresh flowers are as much a part of his desk equipment as his favorite pen or his telephone.

To-day in the high places of business—in the cheerful, well-kept home—on the attractive, perfectly appointed table—and between friends, where words would fail—Flowers breathe forth their fragrant messages of tenderness, inspiration and cheer.

Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.

The florist displaying the "Say it with Flowers" emblem is a member of the Society of American Florists, which gives him advantages that enable him to serve you best.

**Whose Birthday
comes in**

1920		MAY					1926	
MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29						

Say it with Flowers

When a Horse Is In Action
 It's an enormous and repeated strain on the nails which **hold** his shoes. To get a nail which holds and insures safety see that your shoe uses "Capewell" nails.
 Used by the vast majority of shoemakers for many years. Not the cheapest, irrespective of quality, but the best at a fair price.
 The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.



The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.



Copr. Life Pub. Co.



We Went with the Paper

For many years we have been proclaiming in this always modest and almost uniformly delightful page that Charles Dana Gibson draws exclusively for LIFE.

Now that Mr. Gibson has been selected by Providence (backed up by the rest of us) to direct our destinies, his pictures will continue to appear as heretofore. Fortunately our historic battle with the Business Office took place just before LIFE changed hands. Now that we have the B. O. under fairly good control, Mr. Gibson can devote himself not only to drawing his own pictures, but to making LIFE the best picture paper in the world.

We obeyed that impulse and went along with the procession. We did it willingly, as a pleasure, a privilege, a duty, and all that sort of thing. Someone has got to keep the B. O. straight, while at discreet intervals calling attention to the supreme intellectual advantage of becoming a regular subscriber.

We have nothing to say against the B. O. On the contrary, since it has come into contact with us it has shown signs of steady improvement. For one thing, it has had to abandon several time-honored notions, some of which are:

That we must always print the sordid commercial coupon on this page. (We allow it this week as an exhibit. Don't fill it out if you don't want to.)

That, in order to secure new subscribers, it is necessary to praise this paper continuously.

We know better. We never hesitate to tell the truth. It's the only kind of advertising that pays. Some things in this paper have made us shudder. The Dull Number coming will probably be the dullest thing ever issued. Also, we don't always agree with it. But on the whole, in spite of certain human defects, LIFE at fifteen cents is a bargain.



Life

As a Start Towards Your Vacation

Enter subscription now, and be sure of having it through the spring. Addresses can be changed on two weeks' notice, so you can have it sent to your country home when you leave town.

Special Offer
Enclosed find One Dollar
(Canadians \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 128

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04)

A Denouement in the Subjective-Objective-Dynamic Style

There's a great, new movement in literature.
—Notice from a magazine for literary workers.

HE hung the receiver viciously. He, Clipper Cou Pons, whose merest nod flurried Wall Street, mexicoed by a mere slip of a girl—

So they meant to link up in spite of him! The fire of anger calcined in his eye. He'd disinherited them—he'd—Louella, at the other end of the line, mediumed his thoughts and registered the superior smile.

"Dearest," she verbaled to the young viking beside her, "it's our move. Dad's planning a coup. I thought I could entice him into consenting—but he's headed for home!"

"While Dad's improving his batting average, we'll get clearance papers for Hoboken," stratagammed her fiancé.

While they were hastily emigrating, Clipper C. Pons was supersizing homeward.

Louella and Lorenzo, now happily unified and repatriated, periscoped him from the front door. He safety-braked by a classy roadster at the curb, and full-backed through the gate. Across the lawn he taxied, and zoomed up the steps with celerity.

When he had released his TNT, they announced an armistice, demanding his ratification without reservations.

"I cannot approve"—he'd tell the world—"until, young man, you can prove that you can support a family, can provide the necessities—such as that roadster yonder—"

"I can," calmly announced the young husband.

"Wh-what?" Dad struck an air pocket.

"I do!" son-in-law further press-agented. "That's my car—our car, I mean! And Iamp these!"—he salesmanned a cable's length of finest orient.

"Pearls!" backfired Dad, side-slipping. "Since when?"

"Since yesterday! We'll say so!" they iazzed.

Clipper C. struggled with his controls.

"Yes," Lorenzo brigadiered; "got a job yesterday as Assistant Riveter!"

Dad pancaked and managed to land without a crash.

"No further debate," he bulletined.

Norwood Lowell Pinder



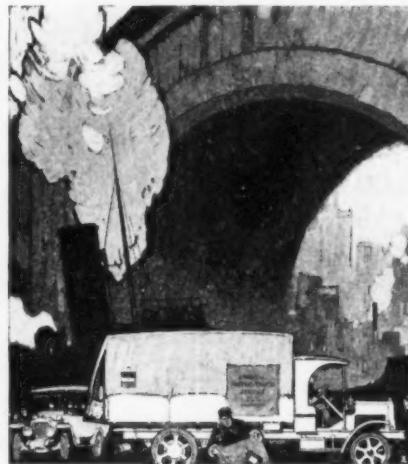
"WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BOYS BEEN DOING?"
"WE WERE SEEING WHO COULD LEAN OVER THE BRIDGE THE FARTHEST, AN' WILLIE WON."

MARTIN & MARTIN SHOE LASTS

are standardized. This means that once you are correctly fitted in Martin and Martin shoes, you will always thereafter find here, *ready-to-wear*, shoes made over the same lasts. No matter what the superficial changes in style from season to season, the *lasts* remain the same year after year. You may send your order by mail or telegraph from anywhere, at anytime, and be sure that the shoes you get will fit you and will be in the season's mode. THREE STORES.

NEW YORK
583 Fifth Avenue
1 East Thirty-fifth Street

CHICAGO
326 Michigan Avenue
South



FIRST in Motor Transport

MORE than 5000 White Trucks are used by concerns whose sole business is motor truck transportation. They are operated on established routes—express, freight, passenger—in every part of the country.

In many cities White Trucks are the backbone of the largest motor transport fleets. To farms and villages, to mining and lumber camps and oil fields, White Trucks bring rapid transit and quick communication. In our great National Parks they are the standard equipment for passenger and freight service.

In this service, the mettle of a truck shows unmistakably. Steady operation on exacting schedules, over all kinds of

roads in all kinds of weather, is an acid test of endurance. The trucks' *earning power* is the only source of income. Every cent of operating cost is a direct charge against profits. None but the best trucks can do the work; only the most economical can *pay*.

Owners in this field emphasize the "on time" dependability of White Trucks under all conditions, and their low cost of operation year after year. Mileage records are frequent, citing 100,000 to 300,000 miles, the trucks still doing a full day's work. White Trucks go on working and *earning* long after the investment has been charged off the books. They "do the most work for the least money."

The following are some of the representative concerns who operate large White fleets in motor transport service. These fifty companies own a total of more than 1500 White Trucks

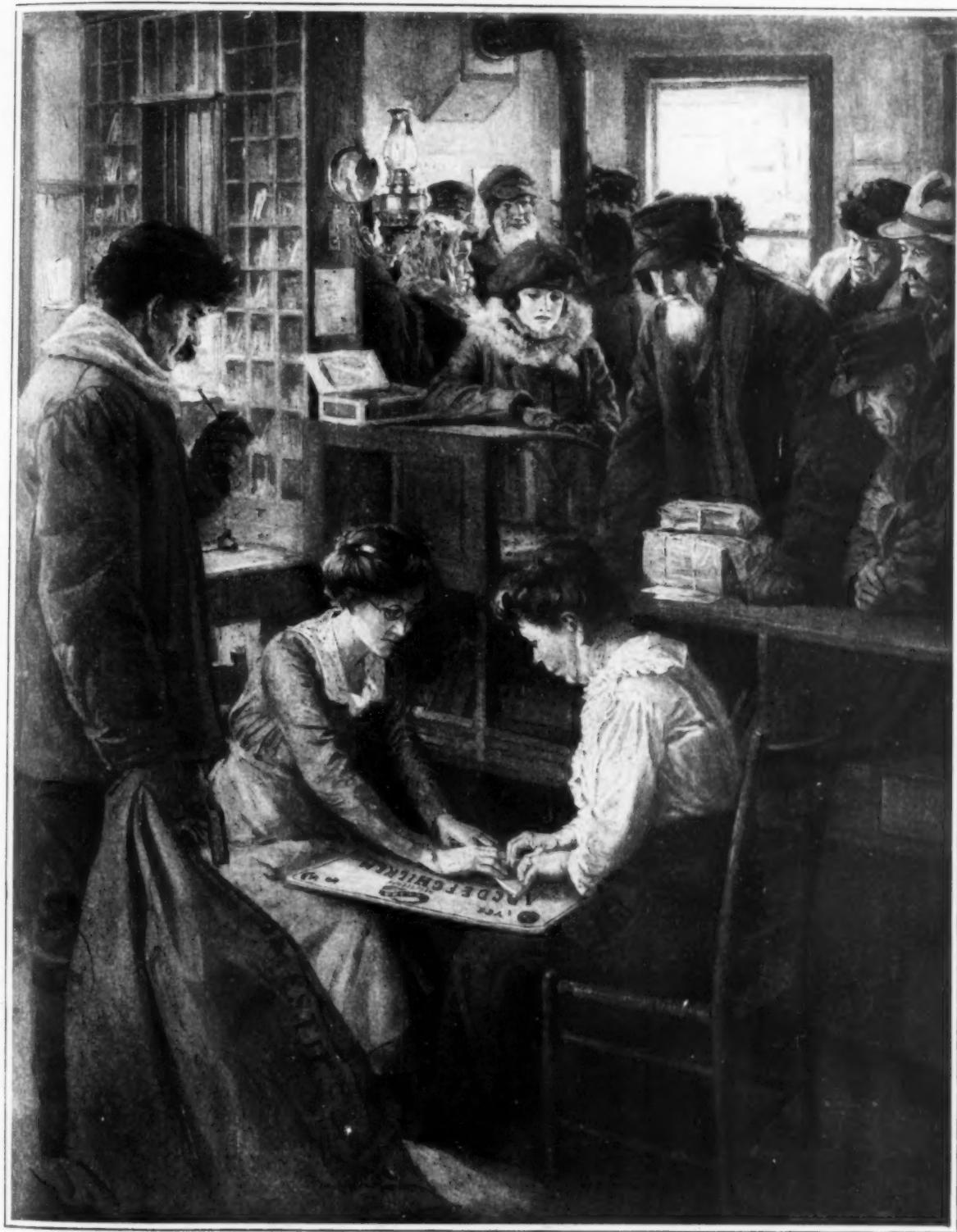
American Railway Express Co.
A. L. Ammen Transportation Co.
Akron Storage & Contracting Co.
Anchor Cartage Co.
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.
Baltimore Transit Co.
Black & White and Town Taxis
Boulevard Transportation Co.
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co.
Cleveland Transfer Co.
Club Cab Corporation
Columbus Transfer Co.
Emerick Motor Bus Co.
Owen H. Fay Livery Co.
Fenway Garage Co.
Glacier Park Transportation Co.

Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co.
A. C. Marshall Co.
Mesaba Transportation Co.
C. W. Miller Transfer Co.
H. W. Mollenauer & Brother
Motor Terminal Co.
Municipal Railway
Omaha Taxicab Co.
Frank Parmelee Co.
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.
Pikes Peak Auto Co.
Progressive Transfer Co.
Pullman Taxicab Service Co.
Quaker City Cab Co.
P. Reardon, Inc.
Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.

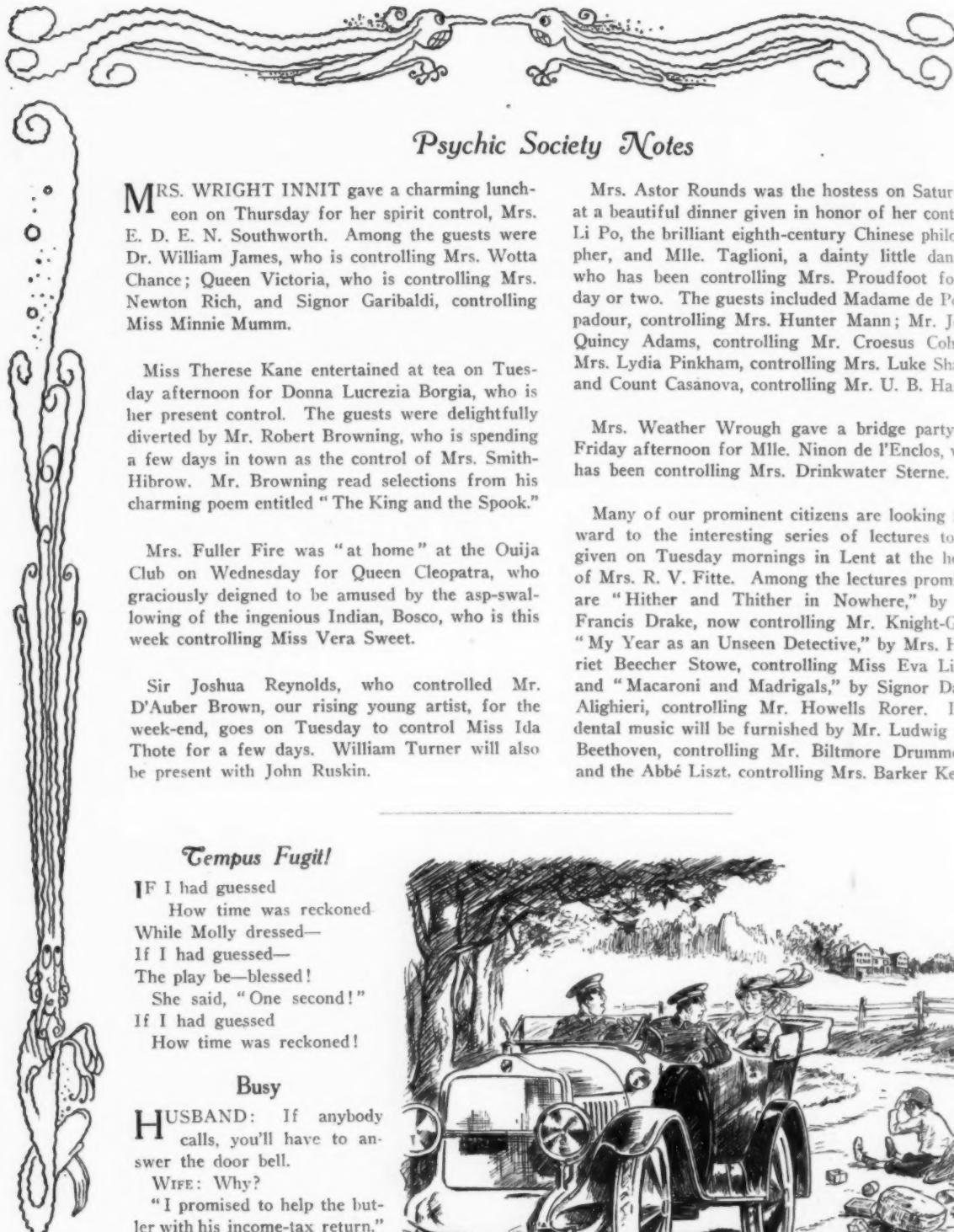
Salt Lake Transportation Co.
San Francisco Drayage Co.
Dennis Sheen Transfer Co.
Smith & Hicks, Inc.
Stewart Taxi Service Co.
Tacoma Transit Co.
Terminal Taxicab Co.
Twin City Motor Bus Co.
Union Transfer Co.
White Bus Line, Inc.
White Star Auto Line
White Taxicab Co.
White Transit Co., Inc.
Western Auto Stage Co.
Yellowstone Park Transp. Co.
Yosemite National Park Co.
Zumstein Taxicab Co.

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland

• L I F E •



THE PSYCHIC WAVE HAS REACHED BUSHNELLEVILLE



Psychic Society Notes

MRS. WRIGHT INNIT gave a charming luncheon on Thursday for her spirit control, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Among the guests were Dr. William James, who is controlling Mrs. Wotta Chance; Queen Victoria, who is controlling Mrs. Newton Rich, and Signor Garibaldi, controlling Miss Minnie Mumm.

Miss Therese Kane entertained at tea on Tuesday afternoon for Donna Lucrezia Borgia, who is her present control. The guests were delightfully diverted by Mr. Robert Browning, who is spending a few days in town as the control of Mrs. Smith-Hibrow. Mr. Browning read selections from his charming poem entitled "The King and the Spook."

Mrs. Fuller Fire was "at home" at the Ouija Club on Wednesday for Queen Cleopatra, who graciously deigned to be amused by the asp-swallowing of the ingenious Indian, Bosco, who is this week controlling Miss Vera Sweet.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who controlled Mr. D'Auber Brown, our rising young artist, for the week-end, goes on Tuesday to control Miss Ida Thote for a few days. William Turner will also be present with John Ruskin.

Mrs. Astor Rounds was the hostess on Saturday at a beautiful dinner given in honor of her control, Li Po, the brilliant eighth-century Chinese philosopher, and Mlle. Taglioni, a dainty little dancer, who has been controlling Mrs. Proudfoot for a day or two. The guests included Madame de Pompadour, controlling Mrs. Hunter Mann; Mr. John Quincy Adams, controlling Mr. Croesus Cohen; Mrs. Lydia Pinkham, controlling Mrs. Luke Sharp, and Count Casanova, controlling Mr. U. B. Hasen.

Mrs. Weather Wrough gave a bridge party on Friday afternoon for Mlle. Ninon de l'Enclos, who has been controlling Mrs. Drinkwater Sterne.

Many of our prominent citizens are looking forward to the interesting series of lectures to be given on Tuesday mornings in Lent at the home of Mrs. R. V. Fitte. Among the lectures promised are "Hither and Thither in Nowhere," by Sir Francis Drake, now controlling Mr. Knight-Gay; "My Year as an Unseen Detective," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, controlling Miss Eva Little, and "Macaroni and Madrigals," by Signor Dante Alighieri, controlling Mr. Howells Rorer. Incidental music will be furnished by Mr. Ludwig van Beethoven, controlling Mr. Biltmore Drummond, and the Abbé Liszt, controlling Mrs. Barker Keyes.

Tempus Fugit!

IF I had guessed
How time was reckoned
While Molly dressed—
If I had guessed—
The play be—blessed!
She said, "One second!"
If I had guessed
How time was reckoned!

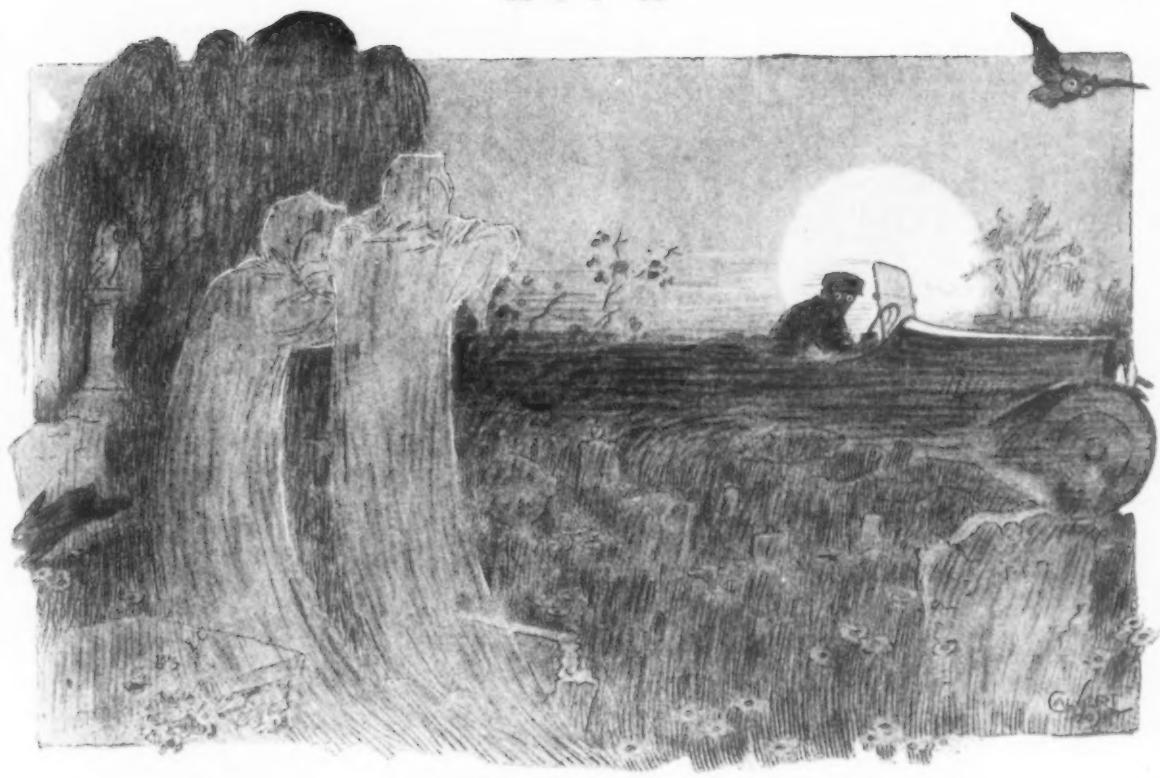
Busy

HUSBAND: If anybody calls, you'll have to answer the door bell.
WIFE: Why?
"I promised to help the butler with his income-tax return."

BUM-PROOF cel'ars are the order of the day.



Lady (to chauffeur): GET HIS NAME AND ADDRESS, JIM; HE MAY HAVE SCRATCHED THE SIDE OF THE MACHINE



Young Ghost: WHAT'S THAT FELLOW SCARED ABOUT? HE ALWAYS TOOTS HIS HORN WHEN HE GOES BY.

Old Ghost: WHY, HE'S THE SAME FELLOW THAT WHISTLED AS HE WENT BY HERE WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

Ballade of Psychic Controls

SO many dames have passed this way—
Medusa, Helen, Nicolette,
Have each controlled me for a day,
And so has Marie Antoinette;
George Sand was captivating, yet
Although she spent a week with me,
I couldn't help but chafe and fret—
I only want Eurydice.

Though Anne Boleyn was blithe and gay,
Sappho a temper'mental pet,
Lithe Pocahontas, Salomé,
Or Betsy Ross, I'll not forget,
Nor Undine's trailing garments, wet
As seaweed frocks are apt to be;
No coldness to them I regret—
I only want Eurydice.

Hypatia gave a keen display
Of wise and witty epithet;
And Mrs. Potiphar's array
Of charms should any ardor whet;
I'm not at all an anchorét,

But bother this famed galaxy
That must unasked my path beset!—
I only want Eurydice.

Ouija, where centuries are met
Through grand-aunt or affinity,
Please, just this once my wish abet—
I only want Eurydice!

Charlotte Becker.



"OH, WHAT AN EYE, BOY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?"
"OW! WOW! I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'! MY FATHER'S A PROHIBITIONIST."

Literary Handicaps

WOULDN'T it be pleasant if so many authors didn't:

Let their characters converse for hours without any identification tags, so that you have to turn back three pages and number off odd speeches in order to find out who's talking.

Overwork the "smart" atmosphere, the suspension points and the seasonal epidemics of such words as "gripping," "virile," "intrigue," "gesture," etc.

Stick up a periscope every now and then, like, "Little did he think how dearly this trifling error was to cost him," or "She was to meet this man again, under strange circumstances."

Apply a large hunk of propaganda, like an ice bag, just where the plot ought to rush ahead.

"THERE'S no danger riding in these subways, is there?"

"I should say so. The last time I tried them I found myself in Brooklyn."

Cæsaring

PRAY, are we drifting through this din
 To hoary, gory days,
 When Gaul was all divided in
 Its famous *partes tres*,
 And Cæsar conquered where
 he could,
 And draped himself in
 fame?
 It seems some modern Cæsars
 would
 Set out to do the same.



But everyone would Cæsar be,
 And none would march behind!

Each one would rule his chosen school,
 But no one cares to mind.
 The lackey schemes to slay his boss—
 The boss would slay his peer,
 And set in place a royal race
 To rule each hemisphere.

Oh, what a regal world 'twill be
 With Cæsars everywhere!
 No more we'll see just you and me,
 So gay and debonair;
 For I shall wear a royal crown
 Upon my stately head,
 While you (I hope it won't come
 true!)
 I fear that you'll be dead!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.



MISSING THE 5:15 AT HAVANA



Medium: THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DEPARTED WIFE IS SPEAKING TO US.

"WHAT DOES SHE SAY?"

"SHE SAYS THAT THE HEADSTONE YOU ERECTED TO HER MEMORY IS NOT AS EXPENSIVE-LOOKING AS MRS. SMITH'S."

Dr. Butler's Blunder

Government must really govern.—Dr. N. M. Butler.

NOT necessarily, Doctor. In fact, the evidence is dead against it. According to the latest statistics, there is no longer anything that a government must really do. A fairly good market is reported for governments that investigate, governments that abolish, governments that tax, governments that amend, governments that meddle and governments that muddle, but nobody nowadays has any real use for a government that merely governs. That's antiquated—old stuff. We have progressed 'way beyond it. Doesn't Columbia University offer a course in Current Politics?

FIRST WORKINGMAN: Lookat here, Bill. This paper says silk shirts have gone up from two hundred to five hundred dollars a dozen.

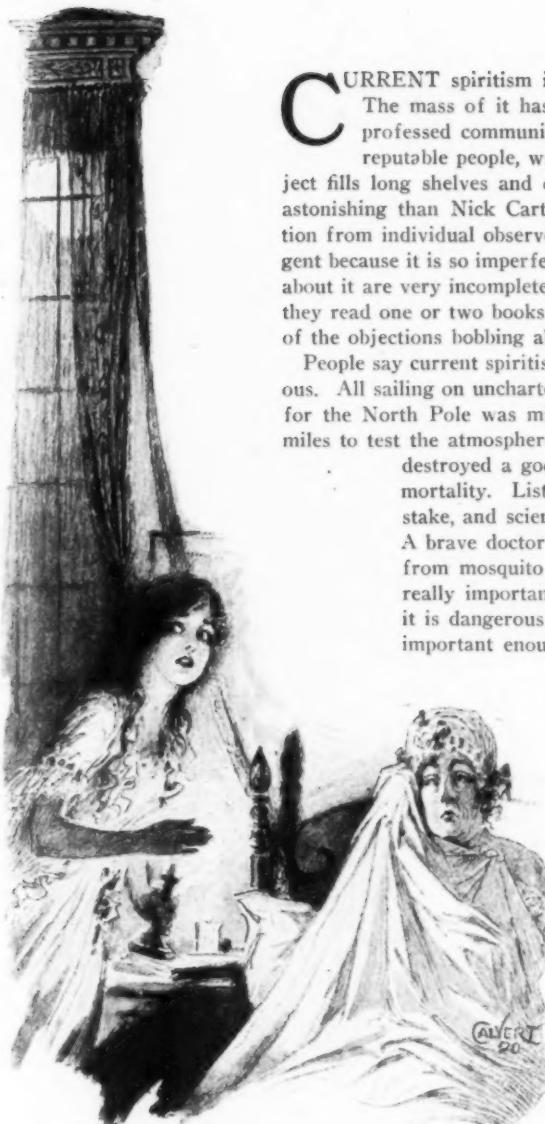
SECOND WORKINGMAN: Well, I suppose we poor fellows will have to pay the increase or go without.

Current Spiritism

CURRENT spiritism is worth looking at by people who like to live up to the times. The mass of it has come to be considerable. Ouija boards are sold by the crate; professed communicators with the departed, some of them well known and entirely reputable people, write many books and get them printed. The literature of the subject fills long shelves and covers tables at the book stores, and a good deal of it is more astonishing than Nick Carter s. The whole matter gets due share of intelligent investigation from individual observers, but it also gets a lot of current criticism which is not intelligent because it is so imperfectly informed. The average people who write newspaper editorials about it are very incompletely aware of what is going on. They hear about the ouija boards, they read one or two books maybe, they see the agitated surface of the movement with most of the objections bobbing about on it, but the deeper imports of it they do not reach to.

People say current spiritism is dangerous. So it is, but new knowledge is apt to be dangerous. All sailing on uncharted seas is more or less risky. Columbus took chances. Searching for the North Pole was mighty dangerous; ditto the South Pole. Going up in the air six miles to test the atmosphere is dangerous. The investigation of X-rays was dangerous and destroyed a good many people. Galileo risked his life and lost it, but won immortality. Lister was laughed at, of course. But martyrs go cheerfully to the stake, and scientists will take any risk in a search for truth that they believe in. A brave doctor took the chances of yellow fever to test the theory that it came from mosquito bites, and he died, but he got something. If there is anything really important in spiritism it is not a very weighty argument against it that it is dangerous and upsets some people's minds sometimes. It does, but if it is important enough, it is worth some upsets.

About once a week a professor somewhere confides to the newspaper that it is all bunk. The Jewish mind, especially, seems inhospitable to it. The doctors look at it from afar off. The more prudent ones smile, the less prudent ones go up in the air. The really great ones who are aware of the limitations of medical knowledge do neither, but usually they are very busy men who cannot spare time or thought for unhurried contemplation of fishy-looking phenomena not directly connected with their professional duties. The clergy are more attentive, but of course they are wary. They have responsibilities of office. They must not encourage heretical activities, nor mislead their flocks. They are less free than the laity to take chances in a quest for spiritual truth. They like to have the clear endorsement of respected authority for what they preach. Some of them, especially some of the Catholic clergy, fulminate against ouija boards and mediums as devices of the Adversary. They prefer that their people should come to the Church for information about the next



"OH, MOTHER! THERE'S A GHOST DOWN STAIRS!"
"WELL—ER—TELL HIM I'M NOT AT HOME!"

The Spirit of the Times

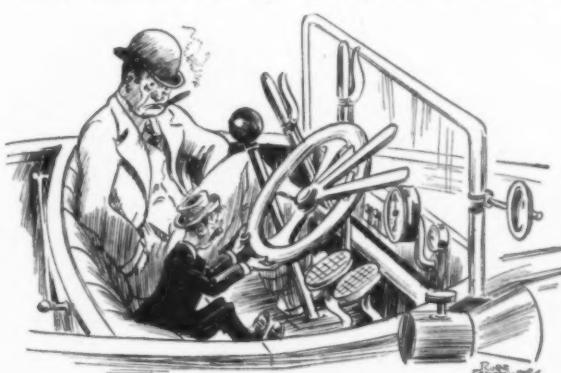
I WAS sleeping last night, mamma, and I dreamed about myself. It was such a nice dream, mamma."

"You did, dear? Well, what did you dream?"

"I dreamed, mamma, that I was an angel, and had wings, and I flew all about the sky, and I could carry people up with me. And, mamma, I charged them a dollar a ride."

HOKUS: Pneurich certainly makes a vulgar display of his wealth.

POKUS: That's right. Why, at the wedding of his daughter they actually threw real rice at the bride.



THE PLEASANT SENSATION OF TAKING AN EXAMINATION FOR A DRIVER'S LICENSE

The Higher Criticism



"Her voice was darker than it was."

—James Huneker.

life, and be satisfied with what it gives them. Dr. Manning (Episcopal) of Trinity Church in New York, feels that way. He is not pleased with current spiritism, and warns people off from it, but he is better than most critics, because he recognizes by the light of the faith that is in him that communication with Beyond is not necessarily impossible, nor unlikely, nor contrary to the Christian religion. He knows that the Bible is full of it, he seems to believe that it can be done and is done, but the objections to doing it look very large to him. He says it is not right to summon the dead. As to that he may be right, but to listen to what may come to attentive ears out of the unseen seems less objectionable if you think that something vital really comes.

Out of all this obscure activity it seems likely that there is slowly coming new knowledge, and that of great importance. Religion borders spiritism on one side, and physics crowds up to it on the other. Both sides of it are being studied by minds that seem competent, and, especially on the physics side, a mass of facts is accumulating that scientists can examine without serious scandal or detriment to their reputations. Some kinds of knowledge come up through the simple to the expert; sometimes they don't get as far as the expert, but if they are important enough usually they do, and come in for examination.

E. S. M.

If You Want the Exact Truth
DON'T ask:

A young mother how much the baby has gained during the past week.

An elderly gentleman what his golf score was when he last played around alone.

A motor-car friend how much his car costs him a mile.

A newspaper proprietor whether on his editorial page he is actuated by financial considerations.

An actor what his salary is.

"IN case you marry my daughter, what are your prospects?"

"From what I can learn by observation, sir, it will take all the cash you can let me have to keep her in clothes."

HER voice was darker than of old;
Her hair lacked melody;
Her feet at times were shrill and cold,
And wandered from the key.

Her gown was tuneful, sweet and low,
Cut scherzo to the waist,
With semi-quavers row on row
In soft, melodious taste.

Her pale rendition failed to show
The shading of the score.
Her color scheme was pitched too low,
And bounded on the floor.

Her gestures were inclined to flat,
Regardless of their hue.
Her trills were ambidextrous, fat
And slightly tinged with blue.

Her phrasing was a shade too brown,
And though superbly placed,
Her smile was loud enough to drown
The roses at her waist.

The programme was perhaps a bit
Too blonde for her ambition—
Only one number scored a hit,
And that was *Intermission*.

Oliver Herford.



THE SÉANCE
RAISING THE DEAD



"MAMMA, WHAT DO POOR PEOPLE DO WHO HAVEN'T ANY HOME?"

Regulating the Traffic

PROSPECTIVE visitors in search of undiluted pleasure in New York City are advised to acquaint themselves with the traffic laws recently enforced. Rather than have any non-resident branded as one ignorant of the ways of the Great City—a horrible thing to have happen to a non-resident—we reproduce the rules below:

Participation in traffic is by invitation only. North and south traffic must wear evening clothes after 6 p. m.

Baby carriages, leashed dogs, mechanical toys and roller skates are to be eschewed by pedestrians.

Such behavior to be observed as is compatible with the dignity and formality (without undue restraint) of the occasion.

Participants must be cognizant of and expert in the figures below, which figures are likely to be called by the Master Traffic Policeman at his discretion.

1. *Le Pantalon.* At the signal, east- and west-bound pedestrians advance in an orderly body, meeting in middle of crossing. The Second-Assistant Master Traffic Policeman will then yell, "Hey, youse, get back onna curb!" whereupon pedestrians bow politely to each other and return to places. Repeat for north and south.

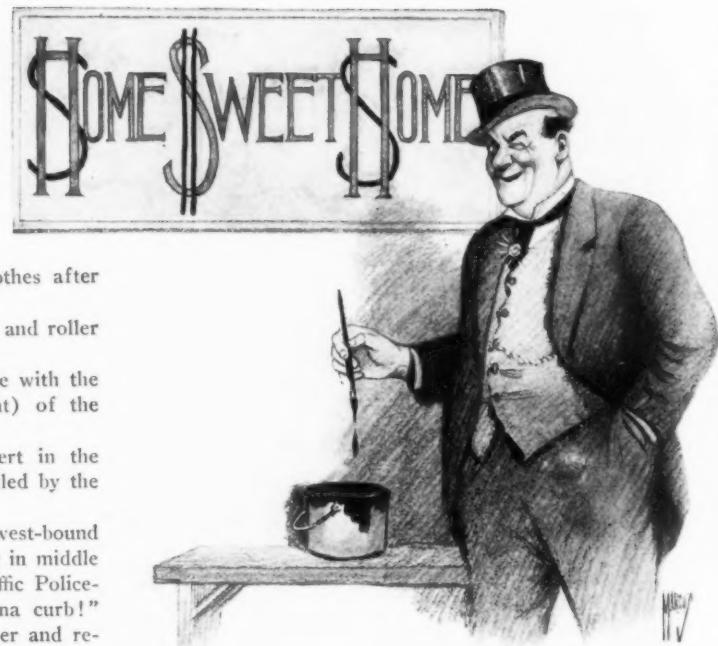
2. *L'Été.* At the signal, ex-brewery truck stalls in exact center of crossing. Other vehicles proceed to form endless chain around truck, sounding warning signals, while truck's chauffeur and Master Traffic Policeman recite in unison the "Wreck of the Julie Plante." Truck is then dynamited, pedestrians cheer, and traffic is resumed.

3. *La Poule.* North and south traffic in motion. Interesting-looking woman proceeds to cross east in face of instant annihilation from onrushing vehicles. She utters three shrieks (key of D minor). Traffic stops instantly. Master Traffic Policeman descends from his tower and



The Lady of the House: HAVE YOU ANY MESSAGE FOR US TO-NIGHT, OUIJA?

Superstitious Cook (to herself): YEH, SHE GOT A MESSAGE FO' YOU ALL, AN' DEN YO' WANTS TO AX HER WHAR YO' GWINE TO GITS A NEW COOK!



A SIGN OF THE TIMES

bows to woman. Woman curtsys. Policeman offers arm and escorts her over crossing. Pedestrians applaud. Policeman goes back to tower. Traffic resumes. Repeat at discretion of Master Traffic Policeman.

4. *La Pastorale.* At signal, cheap automobiles to the left, those costing three thousand dollars or more to the right.

5. *Finale.* Pedestrians and vehicles together proceed east and west, north and south in *la grande chaine*. Vehicles give right and left fenders alternately to pedestrians; pedestrians give right names and next of kin to Master Traffic Policeman.

Further elaborations and novelties in effective lighting will be installed from time to time under the direction of Joseph Urban, Percy MacKaye and David W. Griffith.

Henry William Hanemann.

Shakespeare in 1920

NERVOUS MAN (to jazz orchestra): "What a caterwauling do you keep here?"—*Twelfth Night*.

BURGLARS: "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"—*Merchant of Venice*.

CONGRESSMAN: "I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, to stir men's blood; I only speak right on."—*Julius Caesar*.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES: "To be, or not to be—that is the question."—*Hamlet*.

IRATE CONSUMER (to profiteers): "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens!"—*As You Like It*.

MARSHAL FOCH (referring to Germany): "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it."—*Macbeth*.



FROM THE PARK BENCHES

Dennison: WHAT DO YOU GET FROM THIS WORD AUTO-INTOXICATION?

Soakum: YER DON'T GET NOTHIN'. IT JUST MEANS THIS HERE NEW BEER WOT OUGHT TO INTOXICATE, BUT DON'T!

Katahdin Stream.

IN cloudland born, Katahdin Stream
Is fed by rills of lyric laughter
From moss-encradled pools that dream,
Beneath the hemlock's fragrant
rafter,
Of distant Ocean's golden gleam;
Then down the mountain's rugged
seam
It leaps and plunges, ever dexter,
With all its waves cascading after;
But soothes their brawling, frothy
cream
To flow in rippled music by
The bark-roofed cabin where you lie.

Arthur Guiterman.

Sweeping

THE government says you can
make an exemption on your tax
for luxuries."

"Then why not take off what the
government costs us? That's the big-
gest luxury we have."

Business

FIRST DIVORCE LAWYER: Now
about these people! Who is to have
the custody of the child?

SECOND DIVORCE LAWYER: Let's settle
the alimony first; we can discuss the
unimportant details afterwards.



THE HAPPY CASTAWAY

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us



To see oursel's as others see us!"



APRIL 29
1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
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VOL. 75
No. 1956

EDWARD S. MARTIN, Editor
THOMAS L. MASSON, Managing Editor
F. DE SALES CASEY, Art Editor



HOOVER seems to be groping his way along in the political dark. Don't think of him as a man who is practising to be President and considering what is most politic. That does not do him justice, in spite of there being a kind of truth in it. Think of him as a man with a great sense of duty trying to discover how he may best discharge it. If he wants to be President, it is because he feels constrained by conscience to harbor that desire. Don't be sure that he has made a mistake in offering himself for the Republican nomination. He could not have done anything that would not have looked like a mistake to a large proportion of the observers. If he had done nothing, that would probably have been the worst mistake of all. He may increase in power and beauty as a candidate and get the Republican nomination, or he may fade out as a candidate and still be powerful and important as a factor in a political process—any way so long as he counts for some approach to what he is worth.

But he is a candidate—the candidate of the League of Nations. He wants the League. He is willing in that interest to accept a nomination from the Republican party. The issue, he says, "is whether, with reservations protecting our position, we shall join the moral forces of the world to reduce the dangers again growing around us" or sit by and watch "the defeat of the hopes for which our sons were sacrificed in the war."

His way out would be to join the moral forces of the world. He chooses that course not only on grounds of moral idealism, but because we in these States cannot reduce armament and taxes and provide against agricultural and industrial depression and consequent unemployment unless conditions abroad are stable and we have access to the world's markets. He thinks the "transcendent service" which the Republican party can do the nation is to help fix up a League that will stabilize the world and incidentally help the United States to continue to make a living.



HE is very moderate in his attitude towards the Republican party. He does not speak of it as the Grand Old Party that freed the slave, skied the tariff, and under the glorious leadership of Henry Cabot Lodge, kept the country untangled in the wretched squabbles of Europe. On the contrary, he speaks of it quite unemotionally as an organization with which he has had some slight relation in time past, and only to say that if it adopts "a forward-looking, liberal, constructive platform on the Treaty and on our economic issues" and proposes measures for sound business administration of the country, and is neither reactionary nor radical about domestic questions, "and is backed by men who undoubtedly assure the consummation of these policies and measures," he will give it

his entire support and even accept a nomination from it if necessary.

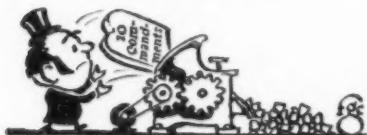
What he will do if the Republican party does not come across with these desirables he does not mention, nor would it be polite to do so. But he has given encouragement to his friends in that party who want what he does and wish to use him to get it by declining to accept a nomination from the Democrats.



THAT has disturbed some Democrats, but he could not do less. He could not invite nomination from both parties at once. If the Republicans should refuse to put forward the policies and measures he believes in and incidentally reject him as a candidate, and the Democrats should come along three weeks later and adopt his policies and offer him their nomination, maybe he would run as a Democrat. For he is not really in politics as a Republican or as a Democrat, but first and last as the candidate of the League of Nations and the advocate of the rescue of the world by its moral forces.

So it looks as though the politicians would find it hard to lose Hoover. They will have to think of him constantly until both conventions are over, and then probably on till after election. What he wants a great many voters want, and every day's news from Europe tells them how bitter is the world's need of it. Every traveler who comes home from middle Europe nowadays brings the same moving story of distress and danger and the need of reordering the world. All these stories back up Hoover's demand for the League of Nations and the intervention of the moral forces between Europe and chaos. And he personifies that demand. If he is nom-

inated it will be as the expression of it. To him the League is not a platform to get in on. It is a life-buoy to be thrown to a drowning world.



THE outlaw strikes have been funny. For people whose plans they interfered with, of course, they have been grievous, but for dispassionate observers who had enough to eat and didn't want to go anywhere, they were funny. The elevator men's strike was funny, but least funny probably to the elevator men, a good many of whom went out by compulsion and didn't like it.

All these things are symptoms. We must reckon them as the results of the education that has been given to the last two generations in the United States. Not that education has been neglected. Book education, the three R's, and much more has been diffused remarkably. Even incomers from Europe have got it in due measure. Our trouble has not been a lack of popular instruction. The people have been instructed pretty well. The trouble has been about what has been taught them. The lesson that has been impressed upon them most of all for two generations or more has been: "Get all you can, and keep all you can; the methods of getting it don't much matter."

That has been the lesson impressively taught in this country, especially since the Civil War. The captains of industry taught it almost to a man. The great railroad builders taught it. The steel masters taught it. The oil masters taught it. The tobacco men taught it, and the street railroad men, and the big gas men, and the packers, and all the rest. Even the bankers did not entirely fail to do their share of instruction. The great lesson was: Get what you can while the getting is good. That lesson went into the new people who came to the country with the air they breathed and the food they ate. In steady succession, from the Irish to the Italians and the Jews, the livelier minds of them took such hands as they could in the game that was going on. That is what the outlaw strikers are practising now. They want

to get what they can while the chance lasts. They are in just the same business as nine-tenths of the builders and merchants of the last two generations. They will not do as well at it because they are not so clever, but they will try, and doubtless they will continue to try, until there is enough new light in the world for people to recognize that there is not so much profit in hogging as has been supposed, and that it does not pay to hog, and that life, being comparatively brief, with important and protracted consequences, it does not pay to be too careless of conduct nor distract energy overmuch from the great business of living to the mere detail of acquisition.



RALLY, it is a question whether, in recent generations, not only here, but generally in the Western world, and especially in England, acquisition of wealth has not been overdone, especially by clever people who were good at it, but whose energies were so strictly devoted to it, that society failed to get from them services that they were competent to render. It looks as though much too large a proportion of the able people had been much too busy getting rich. Disregarding the assertion of the West-

minster catechism that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, they have seemed to consider that man's chief end was acquisition of money, so that for them, and for all who looked up to them and patterned by them, success in life was almost absolutely synonymous with getting rich.

Undoubtedly accumulated wealth comes handy for many uses, but when the taste for it becomes generally diffused up and down and throughout the layers of human society, it makes for strikes and levies and bonuses, and incidentally for taxes and other things, even including wars, which are a considerable inconvenience to orderly people. So, perhaps, it will be necessary, while current operations in fixing up the world are going on, for an increasing proportion of competent and exemplary people to ease up a little on acquisition and give more strength and attention to aims that the masses of men may approve and imitate without so much embarrassment to the public convenience.



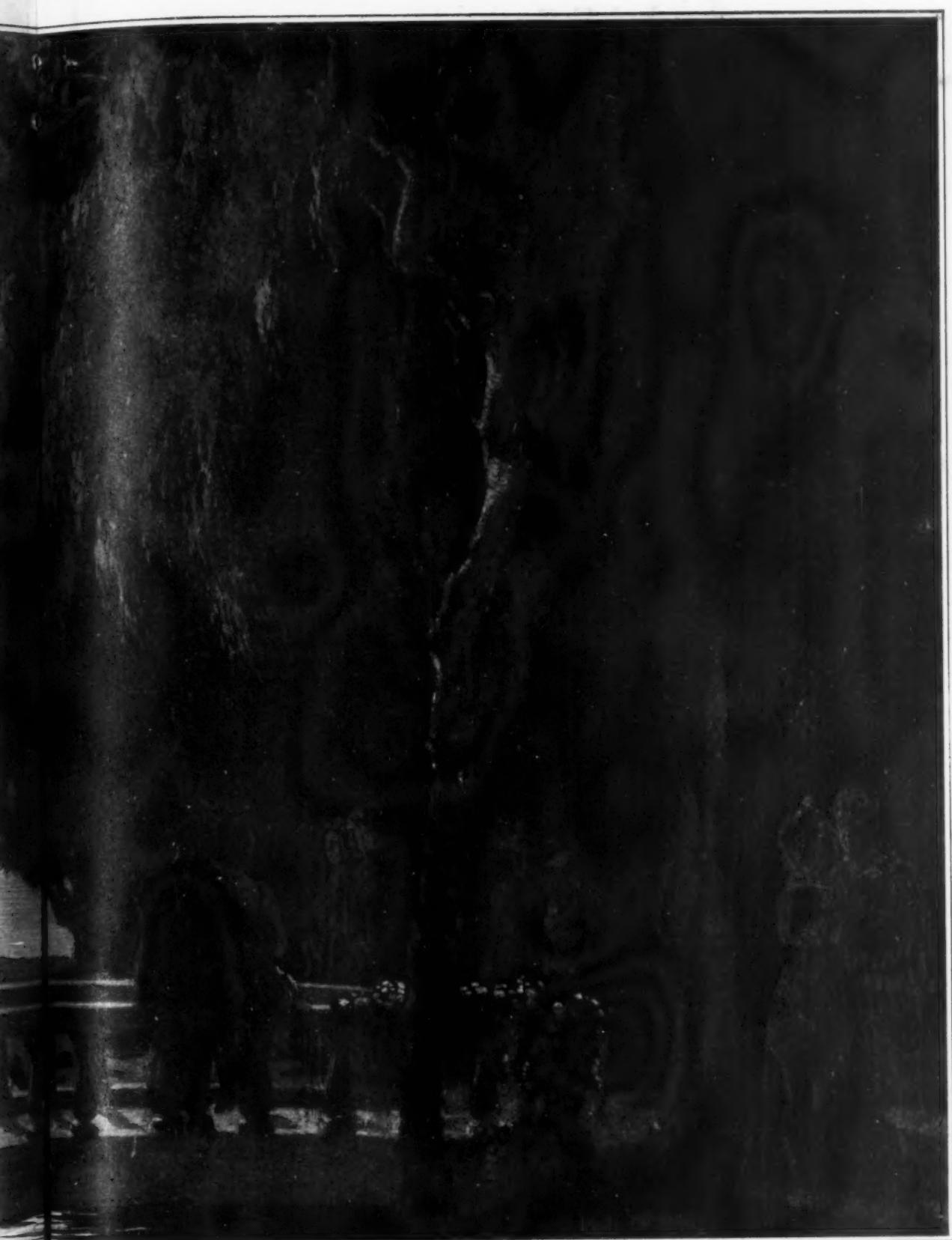
BEFORE THE SPHINX
"WILL IT BE A THIRD TERM, OUIJA?"

LIFE



"At last we are

IFE



ast we are alone "



The Theatre Program Reviewed

THE BONEHEAD" may or may not be at the Fulton Theatre when this appears. It was announced a day or two after its opening that the producer was sailing for England shortly to arrange for its production there. This announcement usually means much the same thing as the announcement of a defeated political candidate who states that he is about to demand a recount, or that of a suspected assemblyman who gives it out that he will insist on a thorough investigation of the charges made against him.

Whether or not "The Bonehead" is still running matters very little, however, in the sweep of the world's affairs. Probably nothing could matter less.

No one should have been deceived in "The Bonehead." It was clear from the start that it was going to be about Greenwich Village, free love and free verse; so you knew right away that it was going to be dull. A burlesque cannot be burlesqued.

This much having been decided during the first ten minutes, there remained nothing else to do but to look at the program. And, as a review of "The Bonehead" would be of practically no historic or documentary value (and as it was the sole offering of that notable week), the program is really all there is to talk about.



AND a most fascinating program it was, too. Did you know, for instance, that London is leaning toward the shorter garments, the blunter lapels, the natural sleeve-head which is neither square nor puffed, the skirt which drapes and ripples but does not flare? No, I thought not. And how do you ever expect to know things like that if, when you go to the theatre, you pay all of your attention to the acting?

Had "The Bonehead" been a different sort of play, I might never have had it brought home to me that I could get a knitted waistcoat for golf which, because of its being a five-buttoned affair with a waist-seam and two lower flapped pockets, is snug and yet, at the same time, so elastic withal that it will follow my every posture like my shadow.

(At this point I was interrupted by someone on the stage making a joke about Flatbush. I counted four more Flatbush jokes at intervals when I was turning the pages of the program. I have no idea how many more I missed.)

But to return to our review.

A certain racy international flavor is given to the program by the insertion of French phrases in an advertisement. The following appeal, for instance, is delicate and yet irresistible:

"Madame, Mademoiselle, le secret de votre beauté et de votre grâce, n'est-il pas l'usage de ma poudre?"

Then, in order that no one may go wrong and read something into the French which is not there, a literal translation into clear and idiomatic English is furnished directly beneath, and what is our surprise to learn that all that it means is this:

"Translation: Madame, Mademoiselle, the secret of your beauty and charm, is it not my face-powder?"

Surely a fair enough question and deserving of a fair answer. And surely two minutes well spent reading the native language of Voltaire (and of Victor Hugo too, for that matter). One feels refreshed, as on returning from a stroll in the Bois.

The annoyance is therefore doubly poignant at this juncture to hear Mr. Nicander, who is playing the title rôle in "The Bonehead," pronouncing "Epicurean" with the accent on the "cure." He is telling someone in a loud voice that he is an Epicurean. Someone ought to speak to him about that. At any rate, he ought to use a lower voice. How do they expect anyone in the audience to read if the people on the stage are going to run about talking stridently and mispronouncing words?



ADISCUSSION of economics follows on the next page. I here learn that, although it is commonly believed that high quality means high prices, such is not the case in buying flowers at our shop. No, indeed. Our flowers (believe it or not) are the finest, most beautiful and longest lasting, AND are most moderately priced. Thus, in so many words, is another popular superstition demolished, although I personally have never been under any particular delusion that high prices had anything to do with high quality. Isn't that a rather old-fashioned idea?

(That sounds like John Daly Murphy's voice on the stage. John Daly Murphy here, and in a part like this! My, my! It only goes to show that you never can tell.)

The theatre management announces reassuringly at the top of the page that it takes only three minutes to empty the house "under normal conditions with every seat occupied." It seems a bit optimistic to speak of every seat being occupied at the Fulton as representing normal conditions. But, of course, that is none of my business. And I can say this



"DID GOD MAKE THAT ANIMAL, PAPA?"

"YES, OF COURSE."

"HUMPH! I GUESS HE WASN'T TRYING."

much for "The Bonehead": Two Bolshieists are introduced into the play, and neither of them has long hair or whiskers, and they both wear clean white collars. Furthermore, the bomb which they carry looks like a bomb, and not like a medicine-ball with a spluttering fuse. For these original departures from convention due recognition should be given.

But, after all, the program's the thing! I would especially recommend to all audiences a careful perusal of the advertisement for *cough-drops*. Don't miss it!

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Astor.—"East Is West." Romance of a Chinese ingenue in San Francisco. Broken English in an unbroken run of two seasons.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter." Encouraged by the success of "East Is West," the Chinese ingenue is here put in a New York setting. Equally unbroken English.

Belmont.—"The Passion Flower." Nance O'Neil, with a supporting company of all the elemental emotions, in a tragedy of Spanish peasant life.

Blazon.—"The Ouija Board." Crime melodrama based on the popular game of spirit communication.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Mr. Leo Dritschtein. Thrilling melodrama of France under the Commune, well acted and full of surprises.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through." Jane Cowl in a sentimental play about spirits who return in costumes of the Civil War period.

Casino.—"My Golden Girl." Another one of those musical comedies.

Century.—Revival of "Florodora" with amendments and reservations.

Central.—"As You Were." Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni, music, girls and everything.

Cohan.—"The Hottentot." Mr. William Collier is the star; so you don't have to worry much about the play.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal." Mystery and crime in a clever combination.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," with Clifton Crawford. Very funny farcical comedy, with one good song interpolated.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." Inspiring dramatization of historical incidents.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed." Just about what it sounds like.

Empire.—"Déclassée." Ethel Barrymore in an impressive characterization and a remarkable play of Anglo-American society.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." The Canadian Northwest enlivened by a forest fire.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here." Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield carrying a musical show along.

Fulton.—"The Bonehead." See above.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Frank Bacon's character creation which has broken all records.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." Well acted drama of drab English middle-class life.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." Fritz Kreisler's music set to a pleasant book.

Greenwich Village.—"Sophie." Emily Stevens in a French costume play which is almost very clever.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair" with Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. The



The 1920 Girl: I WONDER IF HE IS AFTER ME OR MY VOTE?

American woman in public life made the subject of a well acted satirical comedy.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." A little of everything on a big scale.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Clever comedy of youth and unimportant post-war problems.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." Cape Cod comedy. Very clean.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat." Ada Lewis and John Hazard furnishing fun to music.

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon." A gloomy farm play of exceptional strength, very well acted.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." Amusing comedy of American extravagance and its cure.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a successful play about chorus girls.

Lyric.—"What's in a Name?" An original and elaborate production involving music and young ladies.

Madison Square Garden.—Barnum-Bailey-Ringling Brothers Circus. The last word in entertainment, after all.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Letter of the Law." Lionel Barrymore in a strong drama dealing with the law courts of France.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love." Elsie Ferguson in a well played drama of sex and cocaine, with an artistic atmosphere for respectability's sake.

New Amsterdam.—Ed Wynn's Carnival. Notice later.

Nora Bayes.—"Lassie," an unusually tuneful and entertaining musical comedy.

Park.—"Ruddigore," the Gilbert and Sullivan revival, continuing to hold its own with the best of modern comic operas.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing," with Jeanne Eagles. A pleasant play of English domestic life. No harm done.

Plymouth.—"Three Showers." Anna Wheaton does all she can to make the South a success. An unusually good negro quartette does even more.

Princess.—"Mrs. Jimmie Thompson." Boarding-house farce, well acted and amusing.

Punch and Judy.—"The Hole in the Wall." Martha Hedman in a melodrama of crime and spiritualism.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door," with Marjorie Rambeau. Clever mystery play, with compromising situation and pistol shot.

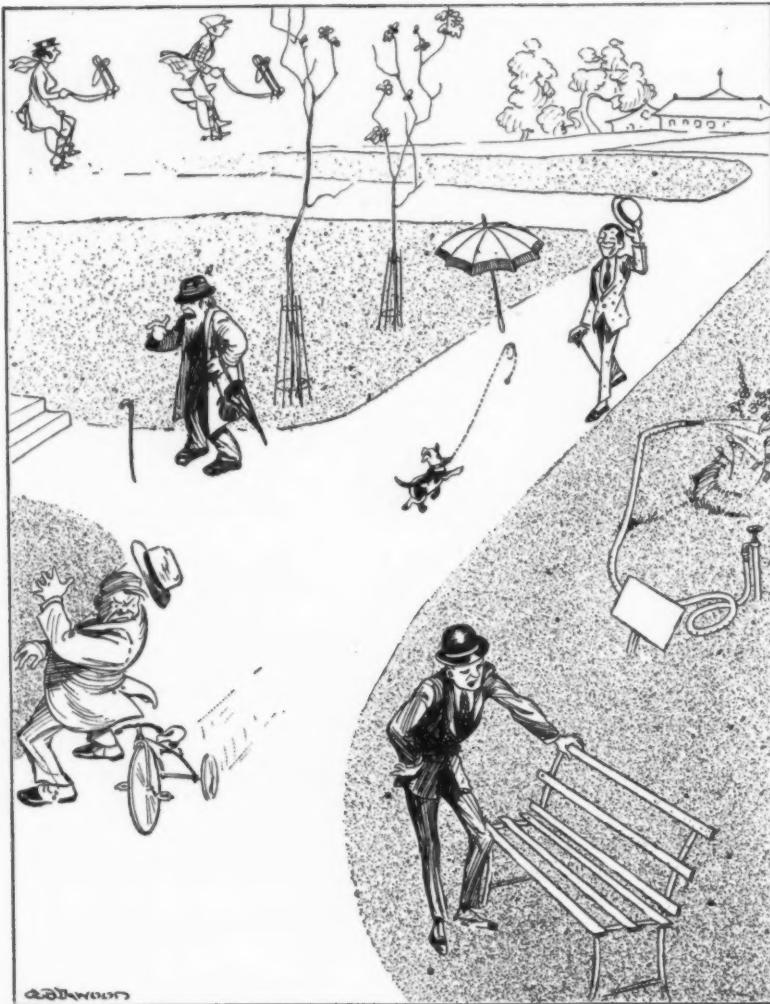
Selwyn.—"Buddies." Comedy, with music, dealing with life in the post-war A. E. F.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal." Sex comedy with such refinements as good acting can give.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Musical comedy with exceptionally pretty music and Adele Rowland.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." Regular Winter Garden show.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Entertainment while you eat.



THESE PSYCHIC TIMES

The Touch System

INNOTHER days not lon gago,
I Ussed a system known as *hunnt
and pick*
oNe woludd not sa yit wast oo slow
Nor would on e cal lit quick.
But now by tuch i find the keyes
I don of watch them as i spel
My sppeed set sall mydoubts a tease,
But, lord, the product look slike—
well,
Typists allif you wuold learn
A sestym that cando sommuth
To keep yuo from the hunttand pick,
just earn
Your liveng by the sence of touch.

Ron. de Lay.

Our Boys

A MAN in Chicago recently shot his seventeen-year-old son. The boy was wayward. The father shot him because, as he expressed it, he wanted to save his soul.

The poor man was obviously wrong. He gave a practical demonstration of the source from which the boy inherited his weakness.

There are plenty of fathers who feel that way about their boys, but they don't go so far as to shoot them up. It is quite natural for any man to wish his boy to be as good as he thinks he is himself—or better. But it is unintelligent for any man to think he can force a boy to be something that he

wants him to be. Results with human beings are not achieved that way. They are achieved by confidence, tolerance, self-control and faith.

Bringing up a boy is a hard problem. It cannot be done by aggression or coercion. Many fathers do not develop expertness at it, because they are more concerned about the boy than they are with themselves. Most boys, to begin with, are spiritually blind, like puppies. If they don't get their eyes opened properly, and start out to be incorrigible, the worst thing to do to them is to nag them or try to force them into a set mold. They must be trusted to find themselves. While the process is going on, the father, so far as the boy is concerned, is in competition with the outside world. He must be more attractive to the boy than other things. He cannot be attractive as a tyrant or a bore or a theological muff. In his management of his home affairs, and in the way he carries himself, he must win the boy's respect. He must convince the boy that his working standards are right. If he throws alternate fits of temper and leniency, the boy will put him secretly into the discard.

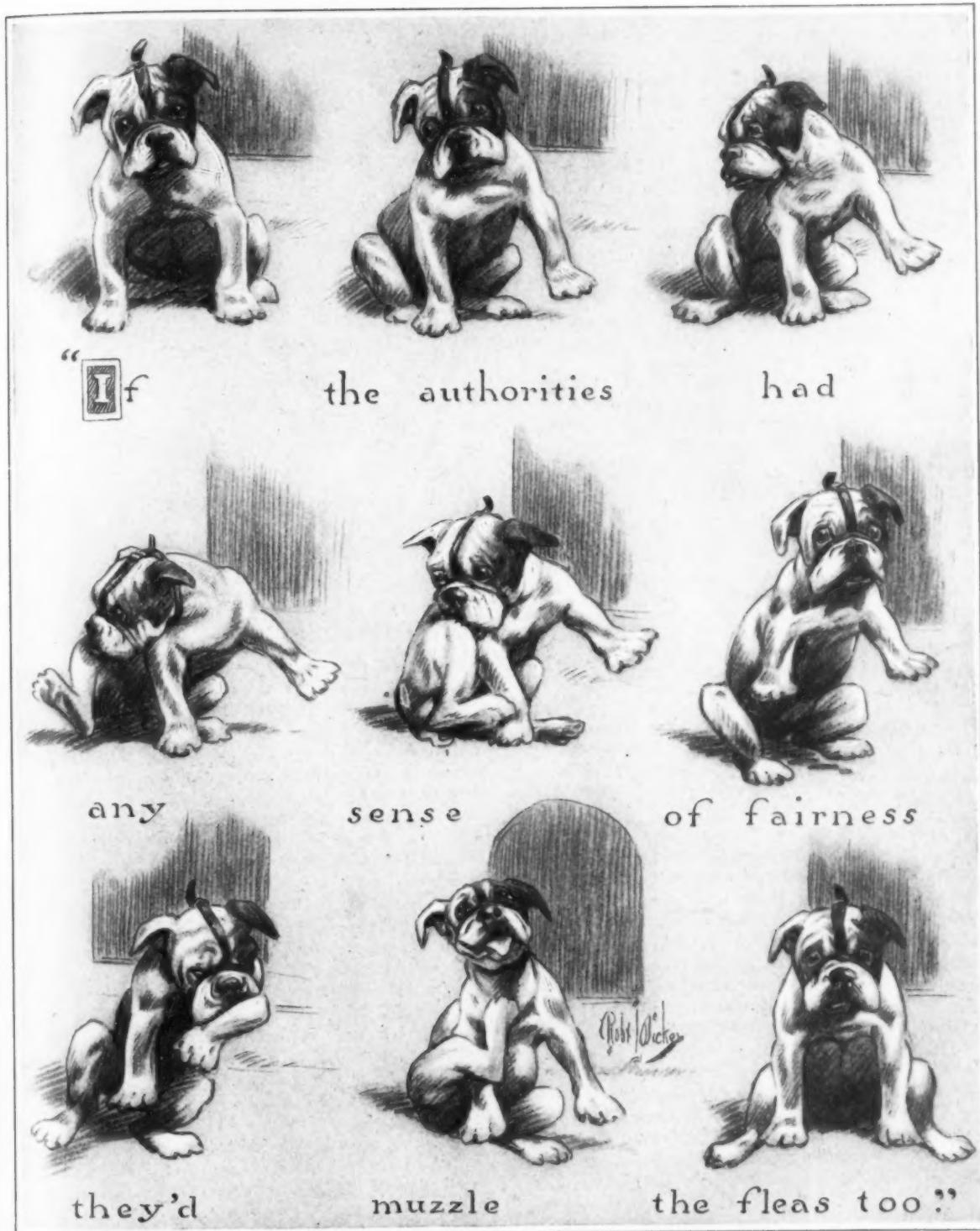
Boys are often exasperating. The curiosity they display about life frequently takes unpleasant forms. But even the worst boys are not so bad as they seem. And there is always a fair possibility that a boy who seems bad may come out big. It must not be forgotten that boys have the power of decision over themselves. You can't do much with them if they set out not to have it done. The way to help them see straight is not to beat them over the head, but to develop their self-respect, and on the father's part this requires self-control and infinite patience.

T. L. M.

Government Control

THIS expression is taken from the language of spiritism, and means that when the government has taken over an essential industry, the responsible officials sit in the dark and hold hands until a voice from the dead tells them what to do. A balance on the credit side is often obtained by miraculously tipping tables of statistics.

THE servant question as the servant sees it—"Where do we go from here?"



The French Babies' Fund

ALTHOUGH France's need is still great, LIFE feels that its readers have done their share in the alleviation of the acute conditions existing during and immediately after the war. It has therefore brought to an end its work for the relief of the French war orphans, and makes the following accounting of what it was able to accomplish through the generosity of its readers.

The work began in April, 1916, and ends with April 1, 1920, covering a period of four years. As of April 1, it had received from its readers the sum of \$364,276.45, and had remitted to Paris 2,173,898.29 francs. There remained in its hands for remittance \$34.14.

Under date of March 10, the society in Paris made a statement to LIFE acknowledging receipt of

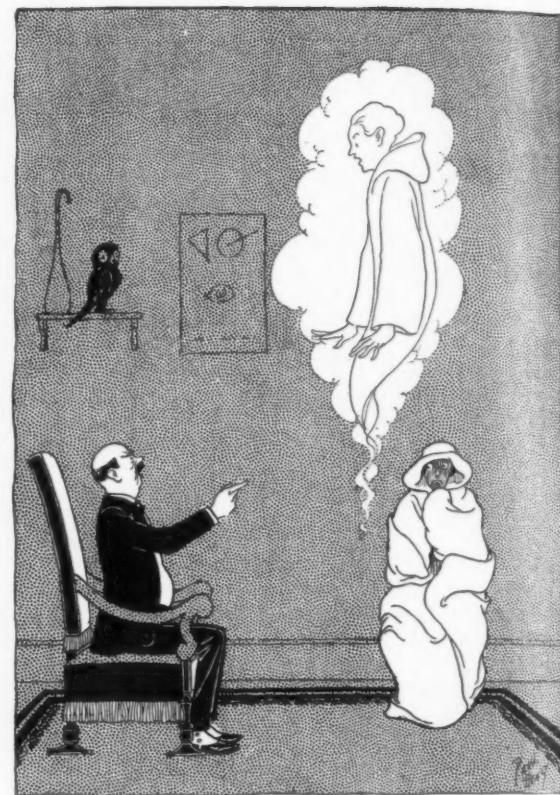
	Francs
Remittances	2,136,466.08
Small errors on their books in crediting amounts of drafts.....	2.21
Draft in transit	27,140
Draft in transit	10,290
	<hr/>
	2,173,898.29

As of the same date they report

Disbursed or set aside for the maintenance of 1,305 orphans for four years each at 730 francs.....	952,650
2,430 orphans for two years each at 365 francs	886,950
146 orphans for one year each at 182.50 francs	26,645
For Christmas and other gifts for individual children, forwarded through LIFE and delivered by the society....	85,252.58
Cash on hand not distributed and not set aside to complete unexpired maintenance periods	184,970.71
	<hr/>
To which add amount of drafts in transit.	2,136,468.29
	<hr/>
	37,430
	<hr/>
	2,173,898.29

It will be seen that there remains in the hands of the society a surplus of 222,400.71 francs arising from the difference of the rate of exchange, which, during four years, has varied from 5.44 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 14.70 francs to the dollar. We do not think our contributors will object if from this surplus we allot the equivalent of one thousand dollars to the administration funds of The Fraternité Franco-Américaine, which, through its committees of devoted men and women in all parts of France, has done the actual work of investigating and reporting the cases of need.

It would be practically impossible to secure from all the contributors to these funds an expression of their wishes as to the disposition of the remaining surplus. As being fair to every one concerned, LIFE has directed the society to divide it equally among all the surviving children whose names have appeared upon LIFE's lists. In this way LIFE has not only fulfilled the conditions originally laid down, but each child who has already benefited through the generosity of LIFE's readers will receive an additional gift of something in the neighborhood of fifty francs.



Hard-headed Business Man (to shade of departed wife): NOW, LOOK HERE, MARY ANN, REMEMBER THIS IS COSTING ME OVER FIVE DOLLARS, AND TRY TO SAY SOMETHING SENSIBLE!

Contributors have already been notified of the discontinuance of the work and that their future communications to their beneficiaries must be made to them direct. The same information has also been forwarded to the French children or their guardians. No further contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of LIFE.

In bringing this work to a close, LIFE would be lacking in appreciation if it failed to record the splendid assistance given by the societies in charge of the actual relief—The Orphelinat des Armées, The Comité pour la Répartition des dons Américains, The Fatherless Children of France and the Fraternité Franco-Américaine. Great individual assistance has been rendered through the untiring efforts in Paris of MM. Alfred Crosiet, Pages, Delacroix, Jouanneau and Deutsch de la Meurthe; Mmes. Marie Diemer, Morton Henry, Séligman-Lui and Cora Worms.

To the readers of LIFE who have been so generous it can be said that they have not only done much to alleviate the suffering of widowed mothers and orphaned children, but have helped to hearten France in her darkest hours. In all parts of that great country they have established a lasting memory of American good-heartedness and American sympathy with human suffering. To these contributors LIFE expresses its thanks and its appreciation of what they have done.

Entente Cordiale

The two great English-speaking communities should sail forward in mutual respect and understanding. To labor to secure that mutual respect and understanding is a man's work.

Sir Auckland Geddes.

ONE way of securing the mutual respect is to place the resources of the one community at the disposal of the other. Each nation has its peculiar attributes. By a representative exchange of these, and the publicity thereof, the dual public may come to a better understanding.

At first sight there seems to be difficulty in establishing an even rate of exchange. America would probably barter Jack Dempsey for Bombardier Wells, but would England agree to part with Rudyard Kipling in return for Amy Lowell, Dr. Frank Crane and Harold Bell Wright? Is an American Roland worth an English Sir Oliver? What could England possibly have in exchange for William Randolph Hearst and John F. Hylan?

At present England has sent us over a rather choice lot of her literati and scientific men, all with the ability to charm from the lecture platform. Let us hasten to return the courtesy with two or three of our better black-face comedians. If not as amusing as the literati, they are at least representative.

It is to be hoped that England has other ideas to exchange besides those encompassed by her visiting literati. America produces a remarkable number of literati herself. She has also a first-class line of conductors of newspaper columns (humorous), moving-picture stars, professional ball players, bank robbers, government officials, profiteers, senators, presidential timber, reformers and bathing beauties. What will England offer for any or all of these?

Caveat emptor.



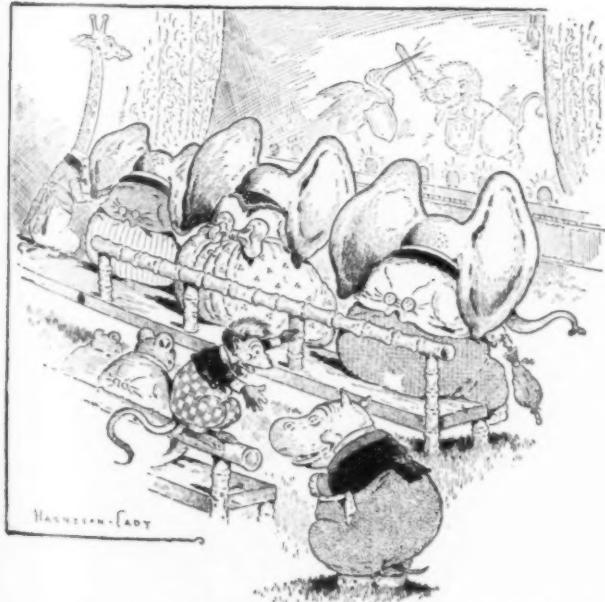
A "COMMUNICATION"

The Constant and the Inconstant

THE characters that one knows in books are more real and unchanging than those one knows in real life. Indeed, those one knows in real life are so unreal that a comparison of them with the ones in books is quite startling. The best friend you have had suddenly develops some quality that you have never suspected, and thenceforth he is quite a different person from what you deemed him. You yourself are often quite dissimilar from what you thought you were yesterday. You survived an unexpected test which you never would have believed possible or you yielded in a manner so absurd that you can scarcely credit it.

But David Copperfield is always the same. Elizabeth Bennet, Lear, Faust, Père Goriot, Ulysses—it makes no difference where you range—they are constant ones.

AN optimist is anybody who thinks he can write a new humorous definition of an optimist or a pessimist. A pessimist is the same person after he has made a serious attempt to do so.



"SEE HERE, USHER; THIS IS THE LIMIT. HERE I PAID TWO DOLLARS FOR AN ORCHESTER SEAT, AND NOW THAT ELEPHANT FAMILY COMES IN AND SHUTS OFF MY ENTIRE VIEW"

LIFE

LIFE'S Title Contest Closes Next Week



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

First Prize . . .	\$500.
Second Prize . . .	\$200.
Third Prize . . .	\$100.

To Our Readers: If you have not already sent in your title to the drawing above, please remember that the contest closes at noon on Monday, May 3rd. The conditions of LIFE's title contest will be found in this issue on page 805.

No Ground for Dispute

THE proprietor of a drinking place in one of the southern provinces of the Philippines married a native woman whom he pronounced the ideal wife. As Fritz dispensed his wide-awakes he informed his customers with mathematical certainty that his wife was "the bestest woman in da world." No one disputed the statement nor questioned it until he told Donald MacLauchlan. The Scotch in Donald wanted to know *why* she was. The unexpected question rather disturbed the mental processes of Fritz, but after a minute or two he answered confidently, "Vat I dinks, she dinks."

Donald went a step farther and asked, "What *does* she think?" "Nuddings," replied Fritz with the stolidity of his race.

Farewell, April, With Your Tears

FAREWELL, April, with your tears!
Pray, what caused your constant grieving?
You were lovely when you smiled,
We remember, now you're leaving.
But we saw your smiles so rarely,
And, at last the truth appears,
We are weary of your weeping.
Farewell, April, with your tears!

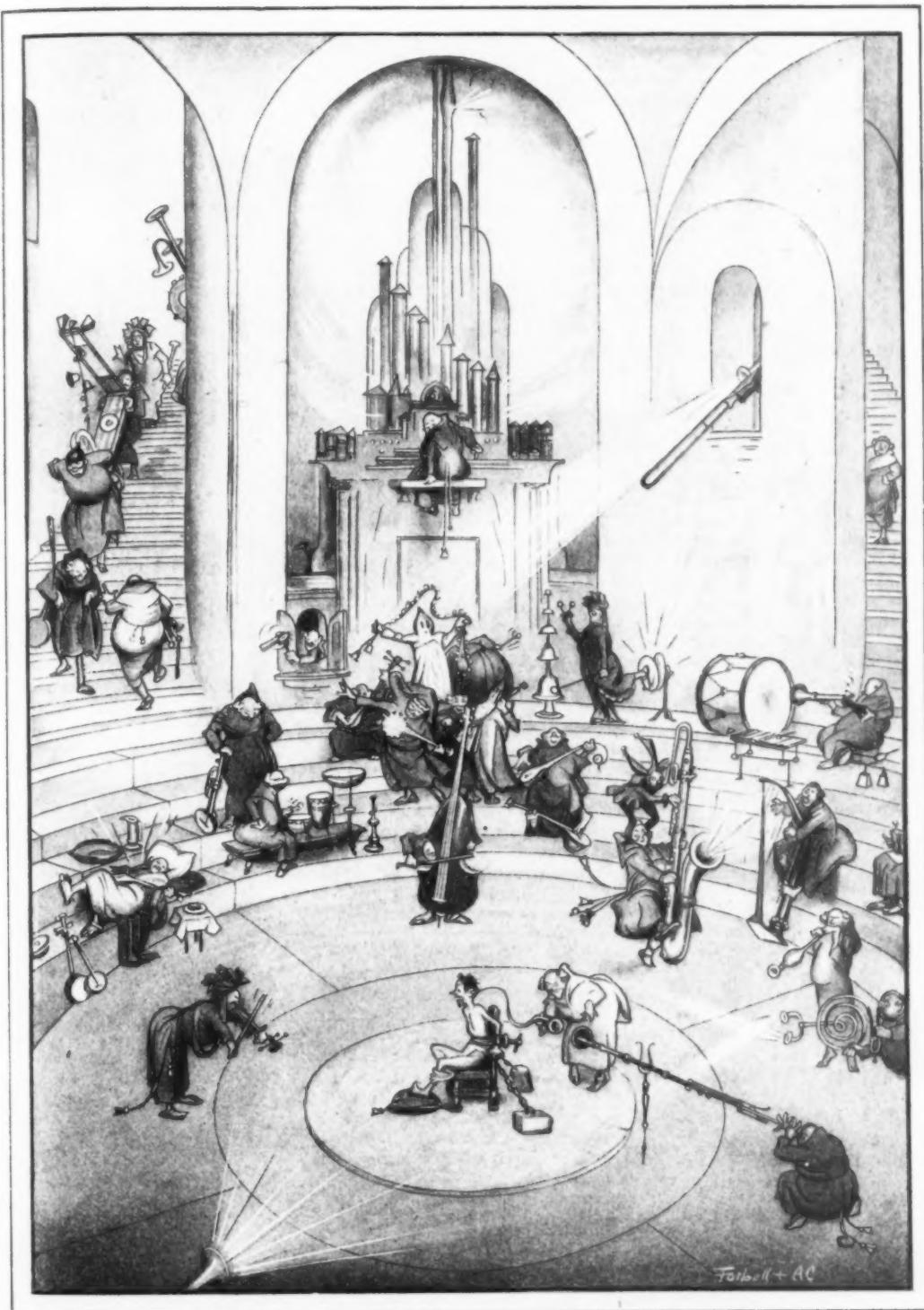
Farewell, April, with your tears!
True, ere long we shall forget you;
When we tried to love you most
Something always seemed to fret
you.
We are but a faithless lover,
For, e'en as our parting nears,
We are dreaming of May's gladness.
Farewell, April, with your tears!
Bertye Y. Williams.

Lazy

HEWITT: Gruet is a lazy fellow.
JEWETT: Well, I should say so.
I asked him the other day to do me a favor, and he said: "All right; bring it here and I'll do it."



VISIONS



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
IF THE SPANISH INQUISITORS HAD BEEN FAMILIAR WITH JAZZ MUSIC

Beyond the Beyond

The person to whom these remarkable spirit communications are addressed ("Jake") prefers to have his identity undisclosed. He is a pork packer. The letters were received through a ouija board manipulated by his twelve-year-old daughter, Sophie, spirit-medium-chauffeur's license number 27705.



HERE I am, Jake, at last. I have just Passed Beyond, as they say. I wish I could tell you how I did it. If you could understand, it was like going from Jersey to New York in the tubes, only quicker. And the air was purer.

I don't know much about the place yet. This communication with the Earth Plane is a very recent fad Here, and all the old spirits are crazy about it. The best way for a new spirit to get in wrong, Jake, is to tell everything he knows, and spoil the game for the old spirits. If you could understand, it's just like a summer hotel. Those that have been Here a long while have prerogatives.

I should like to attend my funeral, but I don't think it will be possible. They won't permit me to return to the body, as they say, now that I have progressed from it. I guess I must have come Here on a one-way ticket.

Well, Jake, have a good time at my funeral. I should like you to have my diamond cuff links—if you can get them away from my brother-in-law.

Yours in spirit,
AMBROSE.

* * *

HELLO, Jake! What do you think we do Here most of the time? We are taught Truths, as they say, and are mentally equipped to use our Influence for Good. I have had a terrible day, trying to use my Influence on Senator Lodge. If Influence was a munitions explosion, Jake, right in the middle of it. Senator Lodge could hear a pin drop.

To-night I have to help entertain a moving-picture director that has just Passed Over. To make him feel at home, we have all been instructed to do everything the wrong way—just as moving-picture directors do on the Earth Plane, Jake. This being on the Reception Committee is no easy position. Yesterday I was sent to meet a man who had Passed Out listening to his friends' phonograph records. Inadvertently, I took him by the place where a dozen or so spirits were practicing bugle calls for a rehearsal of the Day of Judgment, and he thought he had gone Below and was Everlastingly Damned, as they say. It

took me four hours to calm him down.

Jake, I'm sorry to notice that recently Sophie seems to prefer the company of her Airedale pup to the Higher Influence, as they say, of the Ouija board. Alas, hers is a superficial generation. Not that I want to complain, Jake, but I thought you would have appreciated the fact that I am giving you Spirit Manifestations, as they say, of priceless value to Psychic Circles.

Yours,
AMBROSE.

* * *

WOULD it interest you, Jake, to know how spirits are able to speak with their loved ones still on the Earth Plane?

They speak through mediums, Jake, and if you like, I shall elucidate still further. For instance, you might go to a person with mediumistic powers and say I should like to communicate with my friend Ambrose, who is in the Spirit World, as they say. Then you give her five dollars which includes the amusement tax. After putting the money safely away, the medium will go into a trance.

Now the medium is in a trance, Jake. Pretty soon she will start talking baby-talk. Don't think she is trying to vamp you, as they say on the Earth Plane. That is only baby Loretta, her Spirit-Control. If you could understand, Jake, a Spirit-Control is something like a messenger boy, only not so reliable.

Well, baby Loretta will tell you that she has seen me and that I am well and happy. Then you will ask questions. You will ask, "What is Ambrose doing?" And Loretta will answer, "He's waving a white flag." That is symbolical, Jake, and if you want to find out what it means, it will cost you another five. It may mean I am sitting down to a steak minute with O'Brien potatoes, or it may mean that I am washing my Spirit Robe. You can't tell. Neither can Loretta. It depends upon the medium, and after all, Jake, she has to make her living.

Another way is for you to go to a spiritistic church. The medium can see me there without going into a trance. She says:

"I see a spirit walking toward you with his hand outstretched. He is an elderly man, rather thick about the middle, with a Vandyke beard. I get a choking condition, like my throat was full of marbles. Do you know anyone who has passed out of the body with



AN OLD SUBSCRIBER

acute gastritis?" Then you will say, "Oh, that's Ambrose." And she will continue, "He says yes, it's Ambrose. He is glad to see you, and wants you to know he is well and happy. He says tell Minnie to behave herself. Who is Minnie? Oh, he says that's his wife. He says do you remember the time you went

(Continued on page 809)



Vantine's
The Oriental Store.



No. 18L. Price \$12.00

Height of back 36", Width of seat 17", Height of seat 17", Weight 8 lbs.



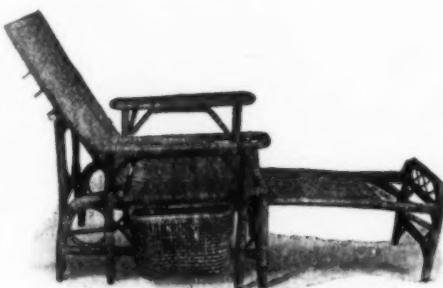
No. 19L. Price \$10.75

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No. 103L. Price \$22.00

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Height of back 27", Width of seat 19", Extreme length with footrest extended 74", Weight 24 lbs.

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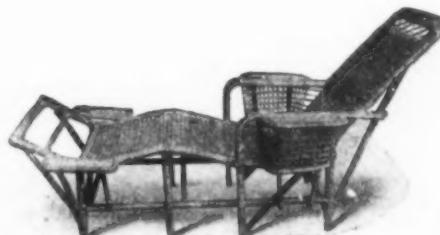
No. 5L. Price \$25.00

Height of back 36", Width of seat 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", Height of seat 17", Weight 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.



No. 15L. Price \$11.00

Height of back 37", Width of seat 18", Height of seat 17", Weight 7 lbs.



No. 1112L. Price \$23.50

Height of back 35", Weight 12 lbs., Length of seat from back to footrest 74", Width of seat 19".

Established
more than
half a century



No Light in Darkness

The census-taker runs up against many amusing experiences. Chief among these are the explanations some people offer for the various answers they make to questions put to them.

One of the census workers in Kansas City asked a woman whether she could read. She answered, rather hesitatingly, that she could not, and then hastened to explain:

"I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evening, and we hadn't no light, and the teacher didn't come."—*Harper's*.

"WHERE are you going with that miserable-looking dog, Johnny?"

"Takin' him to the dog show."

"But you can't win a prize with him."

"Well, maybe they'll give me a special prize for showin' the kind of dog that no dog ought to be."—*Boston Transcript*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the issue to be affected.

Democrats

All subscribers are equal before the telephone directory except the advertisers.—*Columbia Jester*.

The Maiden Lady (somewhat nearsighted): THERE! THE OUIJA BOARD SAID THAT A STRANGE MAN WOULD CALL TO-DAY!



Novelists

William Dean Howells was talking about the American novelist, new style and old.

"A novelist of the new style," he said, "pulled up his Rolls-Royce on Fifth Avenue one afternoon and hailed an old-style novelist, who was just coming out of the Public Library.

"Well, Bill," said the new-style novelist, "have you had any press notices lately? I had thirty-seven this morning—nine about my divorce, six about my new car, three about what I like for dinner, two about my one hundred and five suits of clothes, five about my lost two-thousand-dollar bulldog and twelve about the funny anecdote I told the Prince of Wales during his New York visit. Now, how about you, Bill? Any press notices to-day?"

"Only one," the old-style novelist answered meekly. "Only one, Bob. Only a review, which said that my new novel was well written."—*Washington Star*.

Maillard
NEW YORK

Established 1848

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CHOCOLATE
CONFECTIONS**

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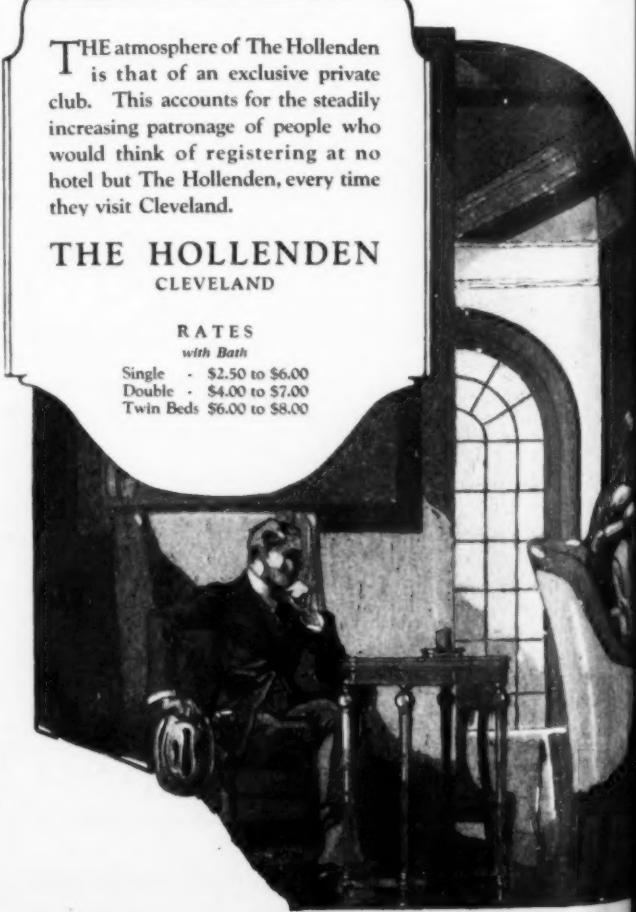
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Double • \$4.00 to \$7.00
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LIFE'S Title Contest

(See picture on page 800)

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these conditions, the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is open now. It will close at noon on Monday, May 3, 1920, no manuscripts received on that date after that hour being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

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ER STILLS, made entirely of heavy copper, one or gallon capacity, priced \$25.00 and \$40.00 respectively, and prepaid by express or parcel post the same day we receive your order. Ideal for distilling water for automobile and industrial uses, and drinking purposes.

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Why
only the top 3 leaves



Because

the top 3 leaves of the tobacco plant, like the topmost blossom on the rose bush, are most fragrant and richly nourished.

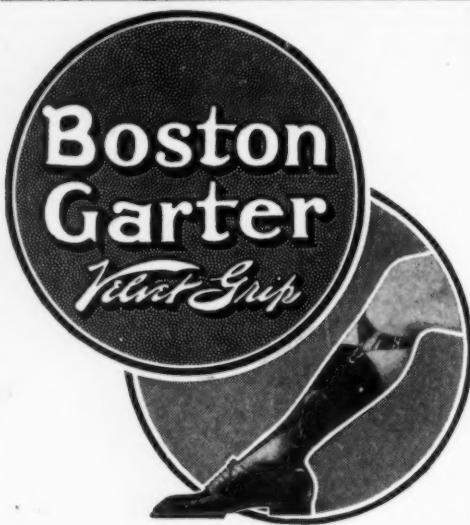
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Plain or Cork.

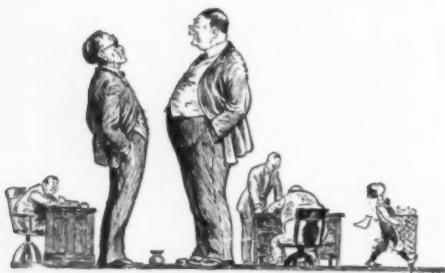


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A Scion of Chiefs

Oil brought a golden crop to the farm of John Bearwalk, Ute Indian. Mr., Mrs. and the little Bearwalks moved into the county seat. Dreams were to be realized. No such hilarity had been heard on Main Street since the night before the town went dry. Two coal-black horses were pulling a white, box-like structure slowly. Its white, glassy sides were hung with spotless curtains, and a golden cross shone out from the rear. On the top sat an Indian squaw, holding the reins. Behind her sprawled half a dozen native children, while two dogs barked viciously. Below, within the glass compartment, an Indian brave lolled on his blanket. He puffed at his pipe and gazed from his cage impassively, yet deep within his eyes lay a gleam of purest content. John Bearwalk had bought the town hearse.

—Everybody's.

Hope Deferred

PALMIST: You will not be able to find a flat. And I can see you wandering through the streets, wandering—wandering.

FLAT-HUNTER: And finally?

PALMIST: Then at last—at last—

FLAT-HUNTER (excitedly): Yes, go on.

PALMIST: At last you will get used to it.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

It's English—Quite English, You Know

"How are you, Old Thing?"

"Oh, top hole, Old Bean."

"And the wife, Old Egg?"

"Oh, quite priceless, Old Hippopotamus."

"And the kids, Old Fountain Pen?"

"Oh, too pluperfect, Old Red-Necked Phalarope."—*London Opinion*.

A Worth-While Job

A pessimist and an optimist were discussing life from their different viewpoints. "I really believe," said the former, "that I could make a better world myself."

"Sure!" returned the optimist; "that's what we are here for." Now let us get to work and do it.—*Boston Transcript*.

MAN is attracted to society by a desire to improve himself; and leaves it for the same reason.—*Utah Hum-Bug*.

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"And now?"

"Now it's different."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PREACHERS do progress . . . it is almost as hard to get into hell these days as it was to get into heaven forty years ago.—*New York Evening Sun*.

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The Message

He was very gentle and very much of an aristocrat. He belonged to the old school. Servants were servants, to be treated very kindly, very humanely—but they must be servants.

The telephone rang one day. "Is Miss Annie McGrath there?" came from the other end of the wire.

"Yes, Annie McGrath works here," he answered.

"I'd like to speak to her," the voice said.

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but we do not allow the servants to answer the

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telephone. However, I will be very glad to give her a message, if you wish."

"Yes, I have a message I'd like to send her," returned the voice at the other end.

"Yes?" came the gentle voice of the master of the house.

"You tell her from me," said the other voice, "that I think she's a blamed fool to work in a place where they won't let her use the phone. Good-by!"

Watch Your Tongue

TEARFUL PARISHIONER (saying farewell to departing minister): I don't know what we will do when you are gone, Dr. Blank.

MINISTER: Oh, the church will soon get a better man than I am.

TEARFUL PARISHIONER: That's what they all say, but they keep getting worse and worse.

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Life

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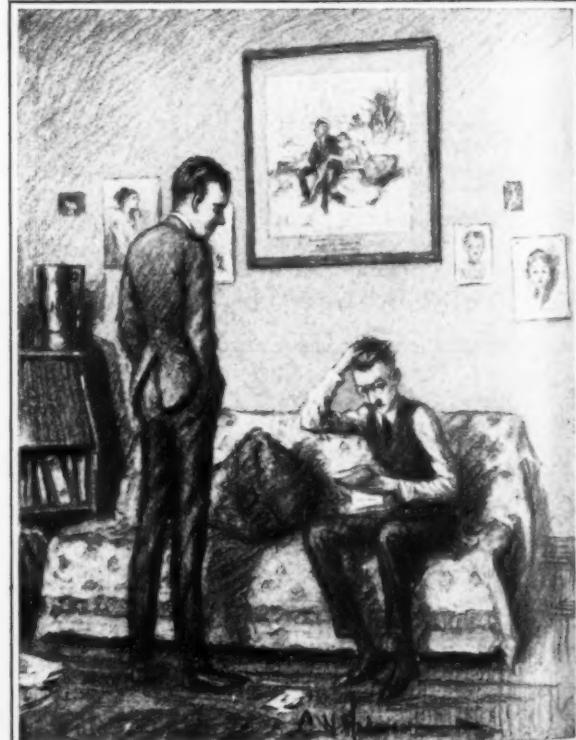
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"WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU MAKE OUT WHAT SHE SAYS?"
"YES; NOW I'M TRYING TO MAKE OUT WHAT SHE MEANS."

LIFE

Beyond the Beyond

(Continued from page 802)

on a party with him and forgot to split the check? He says he doesn't mind now. He says good-by."

Those are both excellent ways of communication, Jake, but I like to use the Ouija Board to help out old John Ouija, the inventor. He is here, and he is well and happy, as they say. He is a great pal of mine.

Tell Sophie to put a little furniture oil on her board. It sticks badly, and pushing the Ouija around on it gets me all tired out.

Yours helpfully,

AMBROSE.

* * * * *

CLOTHES don't make the man, Jake, neither do they make the spirit. I told you about the Spirit Robe you have to wear after you have passed from the Earth Condition, as they say. After a while you don't wear it any more. I don't mean that you go around like a Doré engraving, but you are permitted to suit your own taste in clothing.

You have no idea how fond the ancients are of present-day dress. They think that to hold their influence on the Earth Plane, they must keep up-to-date. Either that or pass into Oblivion, as they say. Consequently, Machiavelli goes about in a cutaway and silk hat, trying to look as much as possible like President Wilson. Washington and Julius Caesar both wear Sam Browne belts, which worries the Spirit Life out of Napoleon. You see, Jake, Napoleon is accustomed to suspenders, and he hates to change.

Shakespeare's delights are fancy shoes and loud vests. He wears his derby over his left eye and smokes cigars incessantly—since General Grant showed him how. Between you and me, Jake, I think Shakespeare is jealous of George M. Cohan.

Then take Socrates. Socrates has an old pair of golfing knickerbockers that he

(Continued on page 810)

Powder in Shoes As Well as Guns

Foot-Ease to be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the Detroit Free Press, among other things, says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses. What wouldn't you give to be relieved of one day's pain of your corns and bunions? Here is relief for every day. You won't realize this until you have tried Allen's Foot-Ease yourself. You simply forget all about your feet, they are made so comfortable. Ask your druggist today for a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

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Lady Spook: HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU TIME AND AGAIN, WILLIE JONES, TO KEEP YOUR FINGERS OFF OF THOSE OUIJA BOARDS?

Help!

FIRST AID TO THE PURCHASER.

If it is for HER—and you don't know what to send

If it is for YOU—and you cannot find it

If it is for the youngster—who has everything you can think of

SHIFT THE TROUBLE AND THE FUSSING

Miss Walton of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FIFTH AVENUE SECTION renders first aid. Write her what you want—She will get it for you—No charge for her services.

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LIFE

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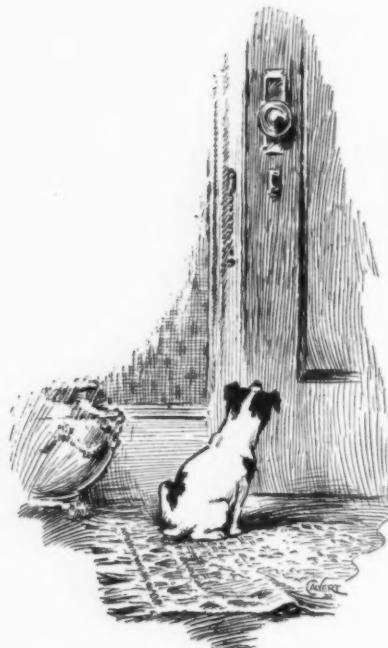
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The Pup (left in the apartment): I WONDER HOW LONG A "WEEK-END" IS?

Beyond the Beyond

(Continued from page 810)

swears by. So has Plato, and the entire school of Platonic philosophy. They look like a peripatetic country club, Jake, or an advertisement for Abercrombie and Fitch. I can't tell you how much they annoy Lord Chesterfield and Beau Brummell—those he-mannequins.

I still go about in my Spirit Robe, Jake, and to tell the truth, I don't know what I'll wear when I'm permitted to discard it. I can't decide between red silk tights and a hand-tailored suit of chain mail.

Yours for comfort,

AMBROSE.

P. S.—Queen Elizabeth called me on the telephone a minute ago. She and Salome have just had their hair bobbed. Aren't women the limit? A.

Books Received

Poor Dear Theodore, by Florence Irwin. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Substance of a Dream, by F. W. Bain. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Gold Girl, by James B. Hendryx. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Rose of Jericho, by Ruth Holt Boucicault. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Three Plays of the Argentine. Edited with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. (Duffield & Co.)

Order, by Claude C. Washburn. (Duffield & Co.)

Pollyoly Dances, by Edgar Jepson. (Duffield & Co.)

The Garnet Story Book, by Ada and Eleanor Skinner. (Duffield & Co.)

The Wreckers, by Francis Lynde. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Fireweed, by Joslyn Gray. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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The story is set in the lovely Blue Ridge mountain country, in the South, which Miss Davis knows and loves so well, in New England and New York.

"The Other Woman" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.75.

The Haunted Hour, by Margaret Widener. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

Darkwater, by W. E. B. Du Bois. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

Diana of the Ephesians, by Mrs. Desmond Humphreys (Rita). (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

A Miscellany of British Poetry. Edited by W. Kean Seymour. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

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Then it was mellowed into mildness by its two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads. And with that

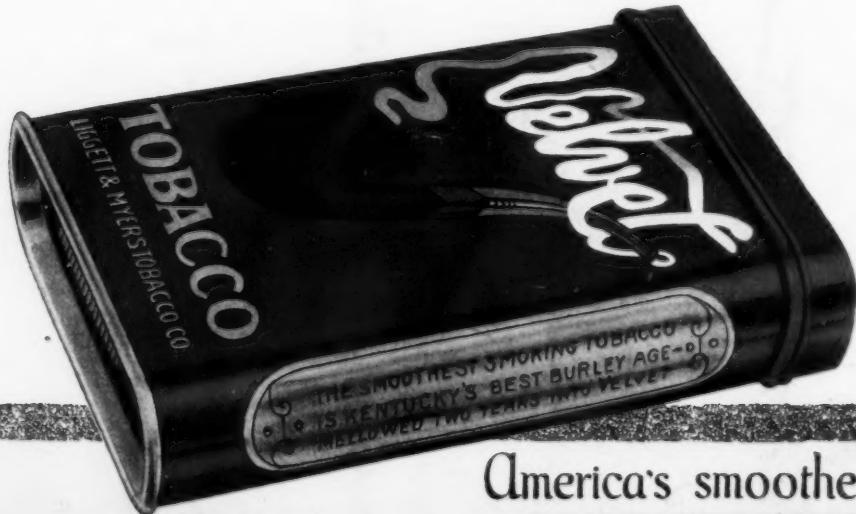
real Nature-made tobacco fragrance circulating 'round them—when they get the aroma and smoothness of Kentucky's prize Burley, you bet every man will say: "The 5:15 is just a pleasure excursion every day."

But as Velvet Joe says:

"A page of argufyin' can't talk tobacco sense to you like your little old friend pipe."

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